

Stirs the earth like a spoon stuck in dark coffee. With
a faint ripping sound,
It's out, roots clutching little chunks of rock. Even
uprooted, in hot sun,
It will stay green for days. It wants to live that bad.

NOT A NATIONAL ENQUIRER KIND OF GUY

He wasn't a highschool misfit.
He's not deformed, and had no horrible
disease that changed his life.

His mom and dad weren't alcoholics
or drug-addicts or circus-freaks,
and never abused him. Politically,

they were middle-of-the-road.
He could always talk to them, but rarely did;
he had things well-pegged even then.

His marriage is in decent shape;
his kids, normal in every way.
He doesn't fool around, though if he did,

no one would know. He doesn't believe
in reincarnation, space aliens, ESP, or God,
though he doesn't rule them out.

He doesn't have visions but does have interesting
dreams, which he won't relate because
they're personal. Besides, he forgets them.

He's achieved his great success by being smarter,
better looking, and luckier than most people.
It's as simple as that.

LE COMTE DE WEEB, CONNOISSEUR OF FINE WINE

The sign says FINE WINE TASTING — FREE!
Weeb whips his Beetle into the parking lot.
While Jane samples abalone earrings,
he heads for the tastery.

"First, are there hidden costs?" he asks
the long-haired drink-dispenser.

"Nope."

"Do I have to spit it out?"

"Naw, that's tv stuff."

"let's go."

The guy starts pouring
big two-mouthful shots.

"Would you like a sweet wine?
How about a white Chablis? Dry Burgundy?"
"Great."
"How was that one?"

"Great."
By the time Jane joins him, Weeb is tanked.
Five shots later, he rushes outside to experience
"What a grape feels, ripening in the sun."

Jane stays inside to thank the drink-dispenser,
buy some wine to show appreciation,
and, in general and as always,
smooth the wake left by the passage of Weeb.

HOLLYWOOD CONFIDENTIAL

Sometimes it works like this: You're born in Fort
Drudge, Iowa. You love movies, but Iowa
Has no film schools; so you do Law, and take
A Greyhound to L.A. You're scraping by,
Writing wills and chasing ambulances
When something goes Pop! in your brain:
Cerebral hemorrhage. Coma for a week.

You recover, but changed. Your cloak
Of immortality has slipped off, so you find
A partner fast, and found a movie company.
Your brain's still hemorrhaging — movies drenched
In blood: It Conquered the World, The Amazing
Colossal Man, Reform School Girl.

Rock-and-roll has just created teenagers.
Drive-ins spring up and fill with '54
Chevies and mating pairs. You recoup
Your investment twenty times daily.
Future stars work for you — cheaply,
But they work. You are accused of undermining
The morals and minds of Western youth.

Walt Disney snubs you in a bar. Your rabbi
Mutters chazerai. You laugh all the way
To the Savings & Loan, but after Amityville
Horror becomes your biggest hit, you merge
With a more respectable company which,
That night, transforms into a giant leech,
Sucks you dry (screaming!), then swallows you alive.